

ZION'S HERALD.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, under the Patronage of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Vol. VII. No. 7.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1836.

Whole No. 333.

ZION'S HERALD.
Office No. 19 Washington St.

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.
David H. Elia, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

I WILL DO IT.

MR. EDITOR.—In your last paper, under the caption, "Who will do it?" you request a solution of the apparent discrepancy between the two texts Acts ix. 7, and xxii. 9. The little coincidence is perhaps worth mentioning, that I had examined that very difficulty, a few hours before the Herald brought your request for some mode of reconciling them. The result is at your service.

Acts ix. 7: "And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, (ακούοντες ἡχην της γοργής) but seeing no man."

Acts xxii. 9: "And they that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but they heard not the voice (την δὲ γοργήν οὐκ ἤκουσαν) of him that spoke to me."

One mode of reconciliation is founded upon the double meaning of the word *gorge*, in both passages translated *voice*. Donnegan defines the word—1. sound; 2. voice; 3. word. As the two passages are really from two different authors, it is not unnatural that they should use the term in two different senses. Luke, in the first passage, merely affirms that the men heard *της γοργής the sound*; and Paul, in the second passage, affirms that they did not hear or *understand* (as the word *ακούει* may mean, see I Cor. xiv. 2) *την γοργήν τας* of him that spoke to me. When a voice from the Father attested the divine Sonship of Jesus, (John xii. 23,) the bystanders in a similar manner heard the *sound*, but did not understand the articulated *words*, and they supposed that it thundered. Wakefield thus translates the passage:

"Now his fellow travellers continued speechless, hearing the sound, but seeing no man."

"Now they who were with me, saw indeed the light, but *understood not* the voice of him speaking with me."

Another mode is proposed by Dr. Macknight, in his excellent life of St. Paul. He supposes that the voice mentioned in the first passage was the voice of Paul, and not of Jesus. He translates it, "hearing his voice, but seeing no man." They heard Saul's voice, but did not see the person to whom he spoke.

By this construction, Luke affirms that they heard the voice of Saul, and the apostle affirms that they did not hear the voice of Jesus; which is of course no contradiction.

You are welcome to either solution; or to any other you can find preferable. I prefer the former.

D. D. WHEDON.

Wesleyan University.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

MR. EDITOR.—There is no doing any thing, in these days, but by making some noise and stir. I am glad the subject of Quarterly Meetings is becoming an "exciting subject," to use a stereotyped phrase. I have seen in your valuable paper, of late, several communications from Presiding Elders and Preachers, with which I have been, in general, much gratified. Your last paper contains two essays on this subject. That signed by P. CRANDALL, I consider worthy of a *second*, and even a *third reading*. With DELTA's piece I am not quite so well pleased. He says, "the principal objection to quarterly meetings, in the present form, is, they are too expensive." He then goes on to say, that the presiding elder receives, quarterly, "from five to fifteen dollars, which amounts to from twenty to sixty per year." And this, too, for "four week-day quarterly meetings!" Now, Sir, I know not of a single appointment within the bounds of the New Hampshire Conference, that receives four week-day quarterly meetings in a year. And I do not believe there is one in ten of the appointments, in the New England Conference, that answer this description—perhaps not one in twenty. I know not of one! I have some knowledge of both Conferences. Perhaps DELTA does not live within the bounds of either; his description of things does not answer, in *all respects*, to any part of the country with which I am acquainted. He may be an inhabitant of the far-West, for I ought to know to the contrary. I would ask DELTA what presiding elder, within the bounds of either of the above-named Conferences, receives from a *single station* or *circuit* *sixty dollars per year*? There may be one or two such stations, among the two hundred appointments in these conferences. This, however, I very much doubt. If there is such a place, it is Boston or Lynn. Perhaps you, Mr. Editor, can tell us whether the presiding elder receives sixty dollars per year from either of the churches in Boston. "From *Twenty to sixty*," says DELTA! There is *no one quarter* of these appointments, in these conferences, where the presiding elder receives *half of sixty*! And in *one half* of the appointments, he *does not* get twenty! "From twenty to sixty!"

DELTA next proposes a method of reviving "old-fashioned quarterly meetings." It is this:—"Let the New England Conference be divided into two districts of thirteen circuits each." And he thinks, would give to "each circuit four Sunday quarterly meetings," (not allowing the presiding elder even a Sabbath to attend the annual conference) and need not affect, he says, "the stations or labor of the preachers, or the finances within the bounds of particular stations in the least." But, Mr. Editor, you may tie as many circuits and stations together as you please, if they are *one only* in quarterly meetings, they will not be *one at all*. A station, in one part of the circuit, will take no kind of interest in a quarterly meeting in the other part. Think you, the brethren in two or three stations will give up their preachers and congregations, shut up their houses, and hire horses, or go on foot from ten to twenty-five miles to

a quarterly meeting in another part of the circuit? No, Sir. They will not do this; and DELTA should have known it. Where two small appointments are tied together, and are within a stone's throw of each other, it is one of the most difficult things imaginable to get them to take an interest in each other's quarterly meetings. The experiment has been tried again and again. The circuits may be made as large as Jesse Lee's was, when he was appointed to Lynn and the Province of Maine, and unless there can be more *enterprise* and *zeal* among both preachers and people than now exists, the evil will still remain. Our people will not go a distance to attend quarterly meetings, when they will not attend them in their own neighborhoods.

That there is a fault somewhere, in our quarterly meetings, all will allow. And, if so, it is either in the presiding elders, or preachers, or people, or *all of them*. I believe the *latter* is the *fact*, in the case. Then, let us all reform. And the first thing to be done, is, to settle the question, why we cannot preach as *good a gospel*, and have as good a meeting on week-days as on any other day. To say, "it is so, because 'tis so," won't answer. Let us have the *strong reasons*. If opposition to week-day quarterly meetings is a wrong state of feeling, let us preach it down as we would any thing else that is wrong. "Like priest like people," is an old adage. If we have the spirit of enterprise and zeal ourselves, as preachers, we can infuse it into our people. But we are, perhaps, the *first* to complain of week-day quarterly meetings. No wonder, then, that the people "don't want quarterly meetings on week-days at any rate." I would say, in conclusion, let all concerned take a *deep and lively* interest in quarterly meetings; let every part of our Discipline be enforced with respect to them; and let a worldly, covetous spirit, be driven from the Church!

ONE WHO HAS BEEN A PRESIDING ELDER, BUT NEVER WANTS TO BE AGAIN.

New Hampshire Conference.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"And knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."—Rom. xiii. 11.

Servant of God, awake, arise,
And press with ardor in thy race;
A crown is waiting in the skies,
A heavenly harp of ceaseless praise.

Servant of God, awake, and pray—
A dreadful contest is begun;
Be on thy knees from day to day,
Nor cease till mortal life is done.

Servant of God, awake, and strive,
Although it cost thee blood and tears;
Fight manfully whilst thou dost live;
Be true, and have no slavish fears.

D. F.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

QUESTIONS.

MR. EDITOR.—Is it right for any man to traffic in antient spirits? And if not,

Is it right for members of the Temperance Society to trade with any merchant who deals in the article, thus supporting him in business?

Is it right to countenance, or at least not oppose, a man getting license to sell rum, &c., because we fear he will certificate from the society, and we shall not get his money to support the gospel, &c.?

Is it right for a member of the church to drink ardent spirits, when in so doing he grieves his brethren?

Is it right for members of the church to spend the intervals of public worship on the Sabbath, at the tavern, when they might remain in the meeting-house, and read their Bibles and pray a little?

Is it right for members of the church to stay at home from meeting, when they can go as well as any other?

Is it wrong to pray for the abolition of Slavery in the public congregation, on the Sabbath, because some do not like to hear it?

Williamsburg, Feb. 6, 1836.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ASHBURNHAM, Jan. 1836.

MR. KINGSBURY—We deem it due to the cause of truth and human rights, to say a few words respecting a communication in your paper of December 30th, signed "J. W. Case." On first reading it, we were somewhat surprised; but, after a moment's reflection, we were compelled to view it as the legitimate offspring of a mind highly disordered with the contaminating influence of pro-slavery principles; being led more directly to this conclusion, from the fact, that we have had to contend with the same results from the same mind, and that in no very delightful way.

We do not design to state, here, the manner in which the first meeting was got up; its object and results; the doctrine there advanced by our opponent; the appointment of a second meeting; its removal to another place, and the apparent management in regard to the same; the unfairness of our opponents in settling the preliminary part of the meeting, and its dissolution. But we wish to say, that we are Abolitionists yet. We are not sensible of having experienced a "defeat." The same feelings of benevolence, which warmed our hearts "more than two months since," still warm them. Our numbers have increased; the weak have been strengthened; the strong made stronger in the great principles and doctrines of human rights.

On the whole, we have great reason to rejoice that "battle" was given us; for the rottenness of the arguments used against us, were so plain, that it required no very "strong mind" to discern, in the case of the workmen in "Deacon Giles' Distillery," the unfeigned enthusiasm hanging out between the folds of the garment.

Perfectly in accordance with the whole course of opposition is this paean of victory. We expected it



I. Otisson

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We heard it exultingly shouted, not only from the openly profane and licentious, but from the *Christian*, who professes to ground his hopes of happiness on those doctrines taught by him, "who speaks as never man spake,"—who has said, "as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." We heard the shout of victory from those who pray, "Thy kingdom come—Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven," and plead and apologize for a system of sin which legislates away the laws of Heaven, and directly and positively leads to the breaking of every command in the decalogue.

It was about the time this "battle was given" us, that the churches, (Congregational and Methodist,) decided on holding a protracted meeting, each for itself. And as there was a most bitter and hostile feeling evidently showing itself on the part of our opponents, and which, we had reason to believe, would increase were we to hold any more meetings, we therefore concluded to suspend, not our principles, but our operations, till the excitement, which we hoped and prayed might attend these meetings, should in a measure subside. We ardently wished for a glorious time. We desired to see the manifestations of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of scores and hundreds of our friends and neighbors; and we did not wish to encounter the frowns and unpleasant looks of those who would not "remember those in bonds with him." We felt that it was peculiarly important that harmony should exist among professors, therefore we took this course.

But all these things do not move us. "ONWARD," is our motto. When slavery ceases to exist; or when we are convinced that it is right, in the sight of Heaven; or, when these pulses shall cease to beat,—then, and not till then, shall we cease to raise these voices, however feeble, against it, and put forth every suitable effort to terminate its existence. Permit us to say one word in regard to your paper. It is rend, with great interest in this town, by Christians of all denominations, not because anti-slavery matter is admitted into its columns merely, but it is admired for its straightforward, uncompromising course. It does not stop to ask what is "Public Opinion;" it does not stop to see which way the "gentleman mobocrats" shall nod, but it seizes the sword of truth, and wherever it sees the enemy of God and of the souls of men, whether in the shape of alcohol, or Romanism, or manstealing, or any other shape, there it flies, and gives it "battle." It is doing much good here, in correcting public sentiment in regard to wine, and especially at communion.

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On the whole, it is considered here as one of the best publications of the day; and we can truly say, "would to God" there were hundreds, nay, thousands such "Heralds" flying through our land, to counteract the bad influence of those time-serving religious newspapers that put their trust, not in God, but in an arm of flesh.

E. WHITMORE.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

TUNE-BOOKS—AGAIN.

MR. EDITOR—I wish to acknowledge the error in my last, and thank you for pointing it out. I had taken minutes of what I intended to speak, but had not them with me when the paragraph was penned.

Allow me to further suggest the propriety of distinguishing the P. M. hymns in our book, in other cases besides those mentioned. 81.7s and 41.7s are one and the same measure; why not designate them as 7s?

Again: there are said to be twenty-four or five different P. M. hymns in our book, and yet a number of these different measures are merely headed P. M. Now a chorister must count the syllables of a whole verse before he can ascertain whether the tune is applicable; hence the reason why it was found necessary, by the publishers of the Methodist Harmonist, to set tunes to each hymn.

I did not mean, in my last communication, to advise the abbreviation of the word Spirit. With all deference, let me submit to the consideration of our worthy seniors, the alterations of the *poetry* in such tunes as the word may measure as two syllables.

P. S. 81.7s are apt to be mistaken for 8s and 7s.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

LAY PREACHING.

BROTHER KINGSBURY—As you did me the kindness to publish my last sermon, my feelings prompt me to send you another.

I spoke of the importance of attending to the minister's expenses, the first quarter. It brings to my mind an anecdote, which will constitute the "application" of it. When a little boy, my father, who was a steward, received a billet from the preacher that had just come on to the circuit, which I was permitted to read. Its contents will never be forgotten by me. He had brought his family to the parsonage, but the house was swept and garnished.

His family was very small, consisting of only two persons. I was sent to administer to their necessities. *Twelve and a half cents* would have paid for all the provisions they had on hand. Of course I did not wait for the official Board to get together, but did the best I could to relieve them. It however impressed me very deeply, and I have often had occasion to think of the circumstance since, for reasons that shall here be nameless. If I should mention the name of that talented brother, in connection with it, it would be too "caustic" for the lay to listen to, and would draw tears from the eyes of many of his fellow laborers.

On the whole, we have great reason to rejoice that "battle" was given us; for the rottenness of the arguments used against us, were so plain, that it required no very "strong mind" to discern, in the case of the workmen in "Deacon Giles' Distillery," the unfeigned enthusiasm hanging out between the folds of the garment.

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Class collections were not attended to at all in that place, and it was the fashion for the stewards to bear the whole burthen of the expense. They were chiefly composed of the old pioneers of Methodism, and were whole souled men; but after all, it must be allowed, their informal way of proceeding was not commendable nor wise, for when they die, the support of the church dies with them, and is sometimes broken up.

I have made a calculation for the most expensive churches in New England, and am satisfied that one dollar per quarter from each member, is amply sufficient to meet all their wants. Why is it that churches become embarrassed then with arrears?

Would it not be well for each class leader to state the *average* amount that would be needed from each member? I think very few would refuse to subscribe their part. Some may say, perhaps, that poor girls, who work out by the week, will not be able.

Be that as it may, they do pay it; but I must confess that I know of male members, worth their thousands, who do not.

I come into your columns, Mr. Editor, to backbiting or slander any one. If it can be proved by the Scriptures or Discipline, that brethren have a moral right to "shut up their bowels of compassion," when they see one of their members in want, then let some negligent preacher or recreant class leader do it.

A CLASS LEADER.

A PUZZLE.—I am a word of nine letters, and have been the means of destroying millions. I have dealt destruction with a strong and mighty hand. I have caused the world to mourn, and brought death in every form. I have caused the child to sacrifice the parent, and the parent to sacrifice the child. I have caused the father to sacrifice the mother, and the mother the father. I have caused the husband to mourn the loss of his wife, and the wife the loss of her husband. I have caused the widow to be clothed in rags, and the fatherless to starve and beg. I have caused broils, riots, tumults, strife, bloodshed, and murder, and I have created the gallows.

R T S I L I D E L

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

THE DEVIL NO UNIVERSALIST.

It is a happy circumstance that notwithstanding the great diversity of views entertained by men on the subject of theology, we find some points of agreement, between our own and the opinions of almost every man we meet. I had supposed however, that there was one man, whose opinions when compared with my own, would present scarcely a single point of agreement. I refer to the editor of the *Trumpet*. But I was happy to observe in a late number of the *Trumpet*, a sentiment expressed by the editor, with which I fully accord. The sentiment is that the Devil does not believe in universalism. It is indubitably true, that no inhabitant of the invisible world, whether of heaven or of hell, can be a believer of Universalism. The scriptures inform us that "the Devil believes and trembles." They believe the truth and the whole truth. They are as orthodox, in their belief as the best saints on earth or in heaven. But the grand purpose of the Destroyer of men, is best answered by inducing them to believe that universalism is true. "He is a liar and the father of it. He deceives the nations. He believes one thing and preaches another. He believes and knows that there is an eternal hell for impudent sinners, but he persuades them that there is no such thing." If as the editor of the *Trumpet* says, the Devil does not believe Universalism, and preaches as he believes, then it would be slander, to call him a liar and a deceiver. If he is a liar and a deceiver, as the scriptures represent him to be, he preaches the opposite of what he believes. He does not believe Universalism, therefore Universalism is the very doctrine he propagates and teaches. Leavenay Hayes was right, when he said "the Devil was the first Universalist preacher," and Thomas Whittemore is right, when he says, "The Devil is not a believer in Universalism."

P. CRANDALL.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MINISTERIAL SUPPORT.

MR. EDITOR.—A few days since an aged and venerable father in the ministry, after perusing one of my feeble effusions on this subject, suggested that it might be well for me to recommend, especially to the young men in the ministry, the exemplification of more "physical endurance." Now although this is not strictly connected with the subject, it will not be regarded as assuming in me to drop a passing remark. The subject itself is so important that it might authorize the perusal of a well-written volume. And I would take this opportunity to recommend to their careful reading a work not long since published in the family library, entitled, "the principles of physiology applied to the promotion of health."

When I stated that it was the physical endurance of the fathers which gave them their iron constitutions I designed no reflection on them. They have served their generation well, for which none would more cordially award them their due mead of praise than myself.

From the very necessity of the case they had much out-door exercise. This gave firmness of muscle and vigor of nerve. But circumstances have changed. There are many young men, who cannot get the kind and degree of exercise which they enjoyed. Should they be kept upon their feet from morning till night, week in and week out, visiting from house to house, it would not serve their purpose, although it might go some ways toward it. A boy always bent in one direction loses its elasticity. Nature must have time to recover her wonted energies. She cannot be continually forced without sooner or later entire exhaustion and premature death. There should be labor without fatigue, in which the mind should be pleasantly occupied and the body sufficiently exercised. Of the nature, quantity, and time of exercise every man must be his own judge. Suffice it to say, that but very few men can continue long the vigor of their minds who do not preserve the vigorous health of their bodies. In this age of overstrained effort, of intensity of feeling and excitement, how many young men, who might have been preserved to bless the world, have martyred themselves by neglecting the care of their health. I hope these remarks will not be construed as recommending that Timonine delicacy, and wise attention to every variety of the weather, which shuts the hypochondriac in his gloomy study, where he in vain summons his intellect to the task of what it has long since refused to perform. No, I would say, let him, in early every morning, and when circumstances allow, at a short distance, a man yawning, pointed him out to his friend saying: "Not so loud, he hears you!"

REFORM.—The following were among the items of a bill presented by a painter to the church warden of a English parish:—To wend the Commandments, altering the Belief; and making a new Lord's prayer, one guinea.

HOW A CHRISTIAN CAN DIE.—"What shall I do when you are gone?" said a lady to her sister, who was dying of the consumption. "Glory God!" was the becomming answer. She now sleeps in Jesus.

TALLEYRAND.—A poet once walking with M. de Tallyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses, Tallyrand, perceiving at a short distance, a man yawning, pointed him out to his friend saying: "Not so loud, he hears you!"

UNAMINITY.—A reverend clergyman in a sermon preached to his people on some particular occasion, said of them that they had always acted with great unanimity and candor; "for," says he, "as often as I have chastised you from the desk, you have deserved it, and when I have asked for more salary, you have unanimously refused it."

[From Parley's Magazine]

The afflicted mother had wept over the early grave of their respected father scarcely three sad months; when alas! alas! the widow's heart was destined to bleed afresh with new and aggravated sorrows.

On the lofty summit of a majestic mountain some distance from any other dwelling, at the very source of the romantic Delaware, stood the humble cottage of this lone widow. The night had come—the dreadful night of woe to this bereaved one. The chilly winds swept over the bleak rough bosom of the snow-capped mountain with increasing fury; the forsaken fire died away on the hearth, as the widow dropped the portentous tear on the father's image, seen, as she thought, in every feature of her sleeping boy.

She retired to dream of better days. All was still save the howling of the mountain wolf and deep hollow bellowings of the northern blast.

At midnight, while yet dreaming of the pleasing society of her affectionate children for years to come, the mother's refreshing slumbers were broken by the appalling cry, "fire! fire! your house is on fire!" from the voice of a passing stranger.

She strove to arouse herself on hearing the repeated call, but could not. She redoubled her efforts; but in vain! The suffocating smoke had deprived both the mother and the children of the power, even to raise their heads from their pillows. Through the kind exertions of the stranger, assisted by a few of the nearest neighbors, the house was broken open and the mother and daughter were rescued; but the father's image—the little boy, was not to be seen.

The daughter, it is supposed, on breathing the free air, recovered her recollection, and thought of her brother; for she instantly rushed back, parting the fiery flames by the velocity of her speed, and in a few seconds was seen returning with her little brother by the hand, struggling to find the door through which she had entered. But, alas! poor girl, the door had closed upon her with an awful crash, the instant she entered it.

Being thus repelled by the gigantic flames, from the only door of hope, the orphans turned away to die, but as they turned, through a distant inaccessible aperture, perhaps small windows, their eyes met the eyes of their only—their distracted parent.

The young lady drew her bracing arm around the waist of her brother, and with cries and entreaties, such as mortals seldom hear, the young sufferers made one desperate leap towards their frantic mother. She saw their out-stretched, burning, imploring hands—She saw the blue flame coiling around those lips, on which she had imprinted many an hopeful kiss.

She saw those lips in the effort to pronounce the memorable words, "help mother help!" She saw them give the despairing leap! She saw them fall and die!! The mother's cup of grief was full.

In all the phrenzy of absolute despair, she rushed upon the furious elements again and again; and would no doubt have perished with her loved ones, had it not been for the repeated interference of her sympathizing friends.

When the fire died away sufficiently, it was ascertained that the very bones of this young lady's arm were clinging to the waist of her little brother as with eternal affection.

As they lived together in each others affections—they died in each others embrace—so we separated them not in their grave.

Should the bereaved mother's eye ever rest upon this record of her own sorrows; its author prays, most devoutly, that it may not so much revive the anguish of her soul, as the remembrance of the solemn vows she then made to seek her all in God, and lay up her treasure in heaven. May she carefully examine her own heart, to ascertain whether she is living as she then thought and said she should live; or, if, on the contrary, she has proved, like thousands of others, to be forgetful of the most heaven-appealing promises when the fierceness of the storm is past.—*New York Weekly Messenger*.

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[From Parley's Magazine]

THE PRESENT.

"Ellen, I wish you would run up stairs and get for me the little apron which you will find upon the get for me the little apron which you will find upon the

"I shall not do any such thing. You may get it yourself. It is pretty well, too, if I must run your errands." This conversation took place between two sisters, the eldest of whom named Mary, had charge of a little baby, who was creeping about upon the floor.

"I would get it myself, if I could leave the child?" continued Mary, "but since you are so ill-natured, it is not matter."

The mother of the children had gone out that afternoon, and promised that on her return she would make each of them a present, if they had been good. Now, do you think that Ellen deserved a present when she was so disobliging? As soon as her mother entered the door, Ellen ran to her to claim the promised reward.

"Have you been good Ellen?"

"O, very good. I have been quiet e'l the time

you have been gone. I have not thrown down the chairs, nor scratched the table, nor broken the china, nor injured any thing."

"And you have done all in your power to assist your sister, I suppose," said her mother. "You have been kind, and gentle, and in good humor, all the afternoon?"

Ellen hung down her head, for she did not like to tell an untruth. "Here is the present," said her mother, handing her a beautiful little work-box.

"Of course you are conscious of having deserved it; and here is another for Mary."

Ellen eagerly took the box from her mother's hand.

She opened it, and examined its contents. It contained a pair of scissors, a silver thimble, a needle case, and some little articles made of ivory and a looking-glass fastened underneath the cover. It was pretty, and it took her some time to examine it.—"How useful it will be to keep my needles and work in," said Ellen. "But, but, have I come by it fairly? did I do all in my power to assist my sister? I was ill-natured, and do not deserve the box." It is not mine."

Ellen felt too unhappy to keep the box, and at last she sorrowfully returned it, saying—"Mother, I was not good. I do not deserve the present, which you have been so kind as to buy for me."

"Why—have you done anything that is wrong?"

"Yes, mother, I was very ill-natured towards Mary just now, when she asked me to go up stairs."

"Well, Ellen, I will place the box on the shelf.

When you think you have overcome your habit of petulance and ill-nature, you may take it for your own."

J. HORTON.

Lynn, February 11, 1836.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

EDITORIAL PHRASIOLOGY IN THE PULPIT.

MR. EDITOR.—I wish to inquire of you, or some of your wise correspondents respecting the propriety of introducing editorial phrasiology into the pulpit. It has become very common for a minister when he gets up to address a public congregation to say "we" almost invariably, when he speaks exclusively of himself. If a minister has occasion to speak of the sins of the people, or of their *duties*, it sometimes sounds modest and well to hear him say *we*, associating himself with them. But when he speaks *exclusively* of himself, I wish to know the propriety of saying *we* in the pulpit any more than out of it? When the preacher is dividing off his subject and telling the people what he is going to do, I must confess it sounds rather dull to my ears to hear him say "we."

I suppose it must be admitted that *one* makes *two*, or more in an *Editor*; but this is true also of ministers? I heard a man preach not long since, and before he closed he used this expression: "Now let *one* enquire before we take our seat," &c.

L. S. ANDERSON.

(o) Certainly; and we are glad that you are opposed to Preachers assuming our prerogative.—Ed.

THE MELANCHOLY DEATH OF TWO ORPHANS.

MR. EDITOR.—The article, which appeared in your paper a few weeks since, from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, was read by me with more than ordinary interest; not only from the fact that the production of his pen, I must confess, correspond with the most elevated and most forcible feelings of my own heart; but also from the fact that his narrative, in this instance, revolved in my memory some similar scenes *personally* witnessed in the same lucidly described "blue mountain." And then the many incidents which I might relate, I select and send you the following; which you are at *perfect* liberty either to publish or suppress, as you shall judge may best serve the cause of truth.

In the winter of 1821, having just received the blessing of my father, the advice and counsel of my elder brother, and the farewell tokens of my affectionate sisters, I found myself after a few days travel, in the midst of the tallest of the far-famed "Catskill mountains."

I had passed but few sunless valleys, rapid rivers and creeks filled with broken ice, when I was called upon to officiate in committing the "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes" of two orphans, a girl of sixteen and her brother considerably younger,

ZION'S HERALD.

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THE DEVIL NO UNIVERSALIST.

The afflicted mother had wept over the early grave of their respected father scarcely three sad months; when alas! alas! the widow's heart was destined to bleed afresh with new and aggravated sorrows.

On the lofty summit of a majestic mountain some distance from any other dwelling, at the very source of the romantic Delaware, stood the humble cottage of this lone widow. The night had come—the dreadful night of woe to this bereaved one. The chilly winds swept over the bleak rough bosom of the snow-capped mountain with increasing fury; the forsaken fire died away on the hearth, as the widow dropped the portentous tear on the father's image, seen, as she thought, in every feature of her sleeping boy.

She retired to dream of better days. All was still save the howling of the mountain wolf and deep hollow bellowings of the northern blast.

At midnight, while yet dreaming of the pleasing

society of her affectionate children for years to come, the mother's refreshing slumbers were broken by the appalling cry, "fire! fire! your house is on fire!"

From the voice of a passing stranger.

She strove to arouse herself on hearing the repeated call, but could not. She redoubled her efforts; but in vain! The suffocating smoke had deprived both the mother and the children of the power, even to raise their heads from their pillows. Through the kind exertions of the stranger, assisted by a few of the nearest neighbors, the house was broken open and the mother and daughter were rescued; but the father's image—the little boy, was not to be seen.

The daughter, it is supposed, on breathing the free air, recovered her recollection, and thought of her brother; for she instantly rushed back, parting the fiery flames by the velocity of her speed, and in a few seconds was seen returning with her little brother by the hand, struggling to find the door through which she had entered. But, alas! poor girl, the door had closed upon her with an awful crash, the instant she entered it.

Being thus repelled by the gigantic flames, from the only door of hope, the orphans turned away to die, but as they turned, through a distant inaccessible aperture, perhaps small windows, their eyes met the eyes of their only—their distracted parent.

The young lady drew her bracing arm around the waist of her brother, and with cries and entreaties, such as mortals seldom hear, the young sufferers made one desperate leap towards their frantic mother.

She saw their out-stretched, burning, imploring hands—She saw the blue flame coiling around those lips, on which she had imprinted many an hopeful kiss.

She saw those lips in the effort to pronounce the memorable words, "help mother help!" She saw them give the despairing leap! She saw them fall and die!! The mother's cup of grief was full.

In all the phrenzy of absolute despair, she rushed upon the furious elements again and again; and would no doubt have perished with her loved ones, had it not been for the repeated interference of her sympathizing friends.

When the fire died away sufficiently, it was ascertained that the very bones of this young lady's arm were clinging to the waist of her little brother as with eternal affection.

As they lived together in each others affections—they died in each others embrace—so we separated them not in their grave.

Should the bereaved mother's eye ever rest upon this record of her own sorrows; its author prays, most devoutly, that it may not so much revive the anguish of her soul, as the remembrance of the solemn vows she then made to seek her all in God, and lay up her treasure in heaven. May she carefully examine her own heart, to ascertain whether she is living as she then thought and said she should live; or, if, on the contrary, she has proved, like thousands of others, to be forgetful of the most heaven-appealing promises when the fierceness of the storm is past.—*New York Weekly Messenger*.

REFORM.—The following were among the items of a bill presented by a painter to the church warden of a English parish:—To wend the Commandments, altering the Belief; and making a new Lord's prayer, one guinea.

HOW A CHRISTIAN CAN DIE.—"What shall I do when you are gone?" said a lady to her sister, who was dying of the consumption. "Glory God!" was the becomming answer. She now sleeps in Jesus.

TALLEYRAND.—A poet once walking with M. de Tallyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses, Tallyrand, perceiving at a short distance, a man yawning, pointed him out to his friend saying: "Not so loud, he hears you!"

UNAMINITY.—A reverend clergyman in a sermon preached to his people on some particular occasion, said of them that they had always acted with great unanimity and candor; "for," says he, "as often as I have chastised you from the desk, you have deserved it, and when I have asked for more salary, you have unanimously refused it."

[From Parley's Magazine]

THE PRESENT.

"Ellen, I wish you would run up stairs and get for me the little apron which you will find upon the

"I shall not do any such thing. You may get it yourself. It is pretty well, too, if I must run your errands." This conversation took place between two sisters, the eldest of whom named Mary, had charge of a little baby, who was creeping about upon the floor.

"I would get it myself, if I could leave the child?" continued Mary, "but since you are so ill-natured, it

they do not name. They however refer to Alexander Flash, Mr. Riker, and a Miss Wilton against the doctor. We doubt whether man can convict the doctor of immorality if it were otherwise, we cannot see but the doctor would be as ample, even if he proved a scoundrel. If a bad man can meet them in their den and rout them, what would man, full of the spirit of Christianity, accomplish?

high would be well received here as a lecturer. Take the hint?

HAS THE AMERICAN UNION DONE?—It has accomplished one thing worth its organization. "Commit yourself," says that abolitionist brother, his head oracularly, who looks upon the Union as a nation tool.

"Commit yourself," says Mr. Colonizationist, who considers the association as opposed to his views. "Right you'd come round at last," says good Mr. Gentleman, listen. The American Union

Andrews to the South, to make inquiries relative to the Slave Trade. He has returned, and the result of his investigation in the shape of which we advise every body who can raise us, to purchase. It is calm, gentlemanly, and invaluable do we deem it, that if the Union no more, it is worth its organization."

DR. FISK, of the Wesleyan University, and Rev. W. H. F. of the Episcopal Church in New York, are deputed to represent the American Bible Society at the next anniversary of the British and Foreign Society.

REVIERS.
FAIRFAX, Vt., Feb. 3, 1836.
writing on business, I would just say the Lord has his work on this (Fairfield) circuit. Twenty or three years ago I last wrote you, have found the pearl of great price. Yours, E. SPRAGUE.

LET SHOWER OF GRACE AT NORTH WILBRAHAM.

MR. KINGSBURY of the Wesleyan Academy, that the precocious, visit us again with the refreshing of his grace. A few weeks since a number of our boys in the Academy found the pearl of great and during the exercises of a protracted meeting, commenced on the 2d inst., a general interest was excited in the congregation upon the important sub-experimental religion. Our altar has frequently been with mourning penitents, and the fervent church have been answered in the conversion of thirty souls who were rejecting in the simplicity of whom are students in the school. The good work is still progressing.

At this time, that the prayers of the church in places, and especially of the friends of the students may be offered up without ceasing for their conversion, of whom, especially of the young men, remain unmoved. This work embraces both sexes, from nine to seventy years of age. Let the Lord be magnified. R. RANSOM.
W. Wilbraham, Feb. 8, 1836.

KINGSTON, N. H., Feb. 11, 1836.
Lord has heard our united prayers in behalf of the cause and has visited us in mercy. Since my return to this circuit in August last, religion, in degree has prospered among us, and more than a year has been, as we humbly trust, converted to God; of whom we have received on probation, and a still are enquiring, with penitent hearts—"What do we to be saved?" C. L. MC'DURDY.

DANA, Feb. 9, 1836.
THERE KINGSBURY—We have had an unusual season in town, for some months. Eight or ten weeks past the school of the city and now rejoicing in the presence of a God—Others are anxious. The converts have been clear, and bid fair to make useful members of the church of Christ.

There has been one conversion in this town, which I notice particularly. Mr. S., who has been noted in advocating the doctrine of unconditional salvation. The circumstances of his awakening are as follows: Some time last year, he had the curiosity to attend a class-meeting, for the purpose as he says, of discussing the doctrine with the preachers who was leading the class. The brother in the ministrations entered into a formal debate with him, and him if he lived free from condemnation. This brother had his desired effect. It rung in his heart, until a few months since he went to Christ like a publican, and cried—"God be merciful to me, a sinner." He has now learned the secret of living "free from condemnation." He is now an active member of the boldy declares, (as all do who are converted at the delusion of the Devil,) that he always had fears of his doctrine he embraced would fail him at last.

Yours affectionately, PHILIP HAWKS.

CENT. SUBSCRIPTIONS.—Don't forget them, in preachers.

"THE WAY TO THE PIT" THE WAY TO RUIN.—Theatres in the city "The Pit" is marked so that the way-faring man, though a fool, need therin." Thousands of ruined sons and broken mothers can prove that the name is most appropriate.

[From our Eastern Correspondent.]

BANGOR, Jan. 13, 1836.

MR. BROTHER—We had a temperance meeting last evening. Some weeks since, one of the Temperance Society in this place held its annual meeting. The report managers was not ready, and after some discussion meeting was adjourned. At the time adjourned to, port was presented. The amount of it was, an acknowledgement that nothing had been done, and an alarm to awake. Some resolutions were offered and passed, and the meeting was again adjourned. When society came together again, among other things a committee was appointed to make a collection of statistical relative to intemperance in this place, and the meeting was again adjourned. At the time, the Society met but the committee were not ready to report. The meeting however, was improved, and another time was appointed to hear the report; then the committee were with a stirring report. The City Marshall was on committee, and supplied the most of the facts: they were well authenticated. They represented the rum as putting the laws of God and man at defiance. Report was ordered to be published, and put into the house in the city, and the committee were convened and the meeting again adjourned. Last evening the most interesting meeting of either. The walking muddy indeed, (and you will remember what I say about this characteristic of Bangor,) and yet the meeting was full—and a large number of ladies were present. The report contained facts, well authenticated, rating the effect upon individuals and families with remarks upon each fact. It was indeed touching. This report is also to be published and circulated. The committee was chosen, who are to continue the action, and the meeting is to be assembled again in a fortnight at our church. This plan of collecting money, as far as I know, a new one: it is just what was done here. And this continuation of the annual meeting has kept up and increased the interest, and there seems to be a steady aim at a crisis. The Lord seems to be in it. May he grant that temperance, the religion of Christ, may soon triumph.

We have been talking with brother Alton, who is a missionary on Houlton circuit. Houlton is a new town, which I have mentioned here frequently. It is about 115 miles from here, in a N. E. direction. This circuit is about 80 miles in length. Houlton is a wicked place, in

habited by Atheists and Universalists. There are some few Congregationalist brethren there, but not one Methodist. They will not receive the gospel there. The people of this vicinity are chiefly lumber-men. They are in the woods in the winter, and on the rivers as soon as they are open in the spring, and very seldom attend any religious meeting. The consequence is, that they are very immoral. They are generally open opposers of the truth. Br. Alton, on one occasion, requested of some of them permission to leave his carriage at a certain place, whence he was obliged to walk, the road not admitting of his proceeding in any other way. After he had gone, they took one of the wheels of the carriage, carried it into the woods, and hung it thirty feet from the ground on a tree.

Whereas, Some recent communications from Mangan, Va., have appeared in the Journal, wherein certain charges are brought against the editor, in reference to the subject of Slavery, and the course of the Journal in general: And whereas, the Committee have examined all the communications, and the editorial matter to which reference has been made, and found but little to which they could take exceptions, and that not in the doctrine but the manner of expressing it, and having made inquiry as to the effect upon the public mind.—Therefore,

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TEACHERS WANTED.—Rev. Thomas Johnson, who writes from the Shawnee Mission, says, "We want some school teachers and cannot get on long without them. Can you not send us some pious young men, who are willing to come out as missionaries and teach school among the Indians? We want four, and they can live in the families of our stationed missionaries, and act in concert with them. Will you ask them in your paper to come and help us?" This mission is at Westport, Jackson Co., Mo.

EFFORTS AT BALTIMORE.—A Female Missionary Society has been formed at Baltimore, to raise funds for the support of the Flathead Indian Mission. One hundred dollars have recently been paid over to the Treasurer, and they have in preparation a box of books, and out of clothes.

"G. H. I." is received, and will appear next week.

IMPORTANT FROM WASHINGTON!!

The President has accepted the offered mediation of England relative to our difficulties with the French Nation. The following is his Message respecting it to Congress. It is certainly very amicable—or, as we heard an honest man call it—"very amiable." We cannot but honor our venerable President for it.

"To the Senate and House of Representatives:

"The Government of Great Britain has offered its mediation for the adjustment of the dispute between the United States and France. Carefully guarding that point in the controversy, which, as it involves our honor and independence, admits of no compromise, I have cheerfully accepted the offer. It will be obviously imprudent to resort even to the mildest measures of a compulsory character, until it is ascertained whether France has declined or accepted the mediation. I therefore recommend a suspension of all proceedings on that part of my Special Message of the 15th of January last, which proposes a partial non-intercourse with France.

"While we cannot too highly appreciate the elevated and disinterested motives of the offer of Great Britain, and have a just reliance upon the great influence of that Power to restore the relations of ancient friendship between the United States and France, and know, too, that our own pacific policy will be strictly adhered to until the national honor compels us to depart from it, we should be insensible to the exposed condition of our country, and forget the lessons of experience, if we did not efficiently and sedulously prepare for an adverse result.

"The peace of a nation does not depend exclusively on its own will, nor upon the benevolent policy of neighboring Powers; and that nation which is found totally unprepared for the exigencies and dangers of war, although it come without having given warning of its approach, is criminally negligent of its honor and its duty. I cannot strongly repeat the recommendation, already made, to the meeting, just before the collection was made. Miss Havenor came forward and presented to one of the speakers a little missionary box, purporting to be the amount saved by her and her little brother, master John Havenor, containing the sum of eight dollars and fifty cents; after which Miss Virginia Tucker came forward and presented to another speaker the second, purporting to be the proceeds saved by herself and her two little sisters, Maria and Elizabeth, containing the sum of five dollars and thirty-nine cents. This was a very interesting scene to the meeting, in beholding those dear little children coming forward in the face of a congregation, and presenting their gift to the missionary cause. What good those children were instrumental of doing by this noble act I now will not pretend to say, but this I will say, that following the example of the parents of those children in providing missionary boxes on their mantel pieces, what a vast amount might be collected in all our large cities and towns, which would otherwise be spent in useless articles. Parents, teach your children to do likewise."

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WELL DONE.—The Georgia Annual Conference has recently made returns to the parent Missionary Society at N. Y. of \$3,127 50 raised the last year by their Conference for missionary purposes. This is nearly or quite double the sum raised last year.

FREE DISCUSSION.

The Pittsburgh Conference Journal has published freely and fully its views on the agitating subject of Slavery in the Methodist Episcopal Church. It has denounced Slavery as a sin against God, and a gross violation of the Discipline. A recent article in which the able and independent editor explained his principles, called forth a "protest," on the part of some of his opponents in the meeting, drawn up at a quarterly Conference. The editor issued it entire. The Committee of Publication appointed by Conference took up the subject, and passed the votes which it was appointed to make a collection of statistical relative to intemperance in this place, and the meeting was adjourned. At the time, the Society met but the committee were not ready to report. The meeting however, was improved, and another time was appointed to hear the report; then the committee were with a stirring report. The City Marshall was on committee, and supplied the most of the facts: they were well authenticated. They represented the rum as putting the laws of God and man at defiance. Report was ordered to be published, and put into the house in the city, and the committee were convened and the meeting again adjourned. Last evening the most interesting meeting of either. The walking muddy indeed, (and you will remember what I say about this characteristic of Bangor,) and yet the meeting was full—and a large number of ladies were present. The report contained facts, well authenticated, rating the effect upon individuals and families with remarks upon each fact. It was indeed touching. This report is also to be published and circulated. The committee was chosen, who are to continue the action, and the meeting is to be assembled again in a fortnight at our church. This plan of collecting money, as far as I know, a new one: it is just what was done here. And this continuation of the annual meeting has kept up and increased the interest, and there seems to be a steady aim at a crisis. The Lord seems to be in it. May he grant that temperance, the religion of Christ, may soon triumph.

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forget to implore Almighty God, that he would guide our approaching General Conference into all truth, in deliberating and deciding on this momentous subject.

At a meeting of the Publishing Committee of the Pittsburgh Conference Journal, at brother Simpson's room, February 1, 1836, the following members were present:—Robert Hopkins, Joshua Monroe, Matthew Simpson, and Charles Cooke.

R. Hopkins took the chair, and C. Cooke was appointed secretary. The object of the meeting being stated, the following preamble and resolutions were passed:

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Poetry.

THE EMBLEM LAKE.

When calmness on the water rests,
At sunlight or at even,
The lake is like a mirror's face,
And shows the print of heaven.

How like the soul which peace pervades:
In joy or grief serene:
When, though a cloud may sometimes shade,
God's image e'er is seen. J. K.

TO-MORROW.

How sweet to the heart is the thought of to-morrow,
When hope's fairy pictures bright colors display;
How sweet, when we can from futurity baffle
A bale for the grief that afflicts us to-day!

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish
For health and the comforts it bears on its wing,
Let me hope, oh! how soon would it lessen my anguish,
That to-morrow will ease and security bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,
Sweet hope that to-morrow my wanderings may cease;
Then at home when with care sympathetic attended,
I should rest un molested, and slumber in peace.

When six days of labor, each other succeeding,
When hurry and toil have my spirits oppressed;
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be the sweet Sabbath of rest.

And when the vain shadows of time are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting and death is in sight,
The Christian believing, exulting, expiring,
Beholds a to-morrow of endless delight!

SOUR GRAPES.

"I have frequently observed that resignation is never so perfect as when the object of our desire begins to lose its attraction in our eyes!"—Mr. Collins, in "Pride and Prejudice."

Those tempting grapes! how rich their hue
Amidst the green on which they rest!
Their purple blood seems bursting through,
As eager to be pressed.

A bunch of beauty—hue and shape
Combined to form the fair design—
A group of fairy globes, each grape
A little world of wine.

Most beautiful to every sense;
The heart drinks pleasure through the eyes;
And now its longings grow intense—
The hand would seize the prize.

It seizes—not but try again,
Another catch, on tip-toe try;
One effort more—the hope is vain,
They hang so very high.

A dreary change—a chilling shade—
A sudden breath of blighting power
Falls on the grapes—their colors fade;
The fruit, in fact, is sour.

So is it with us, hour by hour,
Age after age, and this were meet,
If calling sweets beyond our sour
Could make our sour more sweet.

It may be wise to scorn the prize
For which we read or wrote;
But wiser far to deem the star
Still radiant, though remote.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

SOLILOQUY OF RICHARD ALCOHOL.

I remember it well—it was a dark, uncomfortable evening, when people are rather inclined to melancholy. I was sitting in my office, reviewing the past incidents of the day, when my attention was attracted by a sound which seemed to come from an old jug, in which I kept some alcohol for medicinal purposes. When, listening more attentively, I imagined I heard something like the following soliloquy:

"O, wretched condition!—worse than pagan darkness. Who, fifteen years ago, would have dared to prophesy, that I should ever see such disgrace and poverty as I am now doomed to suffer. I have often heard our minister say there is no certainty in human affairs, and my own sad reverse of fortune is a practical commentary upon the truth of their divinity. Fifteen years ago, there was not a fellow in all New England, who sustained a better moral character than RICHARD ALCOHOL. I was admitted into the most fashionable circles of society, and caressed with a fondness almost amounting to idolatry. Matrimonial ceremonies could not be celebrated without my presence; and after the knot was tied, I was called upon to sanction the proceedings, and strengthen the bond of union. To town meetings, conventions, and all popular assemblies, I was invariably invited; and never did business proceed lively, until I had arrived. The lawyer consulted me in the most difficult cases of legal controversy—the physician called me to his aid, when he met with malignant disease,—and the divine chose me to expand the most difficult points in theology. In short, there was no one who was more honored, beloved, and exalted, than Richard Alcohol. But these days of sunshine are past, I fear never to return. How unexpectedly and sadly has my sky been overcast with clouds of the most threatening character. Many of my friends have forsaken me, and commenced against me a war of extermination. I cannot pass through the streets without being insulted; and whenever I make my appearance in genteel society, my character, much to my chagrin and mortification, will always be called in question by some otherwise religious fanatic. To such a pitch has the indignation of the people risen against me, that I dare not express my sentiments in daylight, even on my own promises. The boys hiss at me as I pass through the streets, with an air of self-importance, which shows how little government their parents have on them at home. And I have seen these same boys disturb religious meetings, by shuffling their feet and whispering—an insult in perfect keeping with making game at a personage of my age and consequence. Inmoderate and long continued grief and disappointment, are detrimental to health. Therefore if I am shorn of my strength, why do my enemies wish to hasten my death, by increasing the mental anguish which presses so heavily upon my spirits. But one ray of hope still lingers in my path. After all, my prospects are not so gloomy as I imagined. Are not wine, cider and ale, my own legitimate children? and is there not a proper understanding between us, and a reciprocity of feeling and affection? Are not these my children admitted into the most fashionable circles of society? Are they not honored and beloved? And it is certainly some consolation to know that one's children are respected, if

their father is slighted and persecuted. And what parent can say more of his children, than Richard Alcohol? They are courted by the great and affluent, treated with the most 'marked attention' by the lord and lady, and they are not unfrequently upon the most amicable terms with the divine. While these persons treat me with downright contempt, and accuse me of the worst of crimes, they profess great regard for my children, who possess all the appetites, passions, and dispositions of their father, and are guilty of the same or worse crimes. Nevertheless, I will not reproach them publicly; for while they are laboring to support my children, they are indirectly giving me protection. Therefore my prospects for life and respectable standing in society, are very good, and afford grounds for holding up my head and asserting my consequence. I have become old and diseased, and can well transfer my business to my children. At any rate, I can carry on business in the name of my children, and have all the profit and honor to myself, when people learn to call things by their right names. And as mankind are fond of new notions and new enterprises, there is a possibility of regaining my former influence; for many persons have taken up arms against me in the excitement of the moment, who will cease their hostility and be as friendly as ever. The revolution is already begun. There is one old turnout, who came out most bitterly against me, about a year ago, who the other evening confessed his fault, took up lodgings in my dwelling for the night, and promised to be my unwavering friend till death. So far so good. My cause is gaining ground. Hurra for crime—poverty—wretchedness—eternal disgrace and ruin!"

Here Mr. Alcohol's speech became almost inaudible, but I could hear enough to satisfy me that he was praying fervently. "O God of goodness," he said, "thou hast given us a plentiful year. It is not on account of our piety, but to glorify thy name. Grant, O my God, that we may amend, and that we may grow in the knowledge of thy Word! Every act of thine is a miracle. Thy voice calls forth from the earth and even from the dry sand, these plants and this beautiful corn, that so delight the eye. O my Father, give to all thy children their daily bread."

One evening, Luther saw a little bird perched on a tree and taking its position there for the night. "This little bird," said he, "has chosen its shelter, and goes to sleep so peacefully; nothing disquiets him; he thinks not where he shall spend to-morrow night, but sits quietly on his little branch, and leaves God to care for him."

His young children were one day around the table, looking wistfully at some peaches which were served. "If," said Luther, "you would see the emblem of a soul that rejoices in hope, here it is. Ah! if we could but look for the life to come with as much joy!"

"Because he has no tact," was the answer. "Only a day or two ago, he told a lady *voluntarily*, who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged; and I lost the bargain. *Purchasers must look out for themselves.* If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence."

"And is that all his fault?" asked the parent. "Yes," answered the merchant, "he's very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever; and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him another day in your store for the world."

We make no comments on the above. Whether such trade as the merchant would make, is not rather *taking advantage of the purchaser's ignorance*, than making the best use of one's knowledge, we leave to our readers to decide.—N. E. Galaxy.

AN ADVENTURE.

It is many years since a gentleman happened to take up a night's lodging in a room which overlooked a church-yard, situated in the midst of a small town. Whether he was a stranger, a visitor, or a resident there, I cannot, at this moment, call to mind; nor do I mention the name of the town for obvious reasons. The gentleman was young, strong, and by no means visionary—so that if he looked out of his window before he retired to rest at midnight, it was most probably to speculate upon the weather. Once having looked, however, he could not withdraw his gaze—his eyes were riveted upon the church—for he perceived, to his great surprise, that a light was burning within it, casting a dull gleam from the windows which surround the altar. He watched for a few moments in silence, and it may be supposed, with as much awe as curiosity, until he was certain that there could be no deceit—for the light remained burning in the same place. He was resolved to ascertain what so singular an appearance could mean; but he would not go alone—perhaps he durst not—perhaps he wished for the company of other witnesses besides himself. One or two neighbors were called up, and the keys of the church-yard procured after some delay. There burned the light still; and, though their eyes were anxiously fixed upon it, the gate creased upon its rusty hinges to admit them, it neither faded nor moved. They approached the large window of the chancel; and there was some deliberation as to who should first ascend. The gentleman who had given the alarm at last volunteered the service, and, with a panting breath, and a brow covered with beads of dew, reached the top and looked down—the rest huddled together behind him, and pressing closely one upon the other. The sight he was so anxious to shake the courage of the stoutest. The communion-table had been uncovered, as for the rite, and drawn to a short distance from the wall. Two candles had been brought from the vestry, lighted, and placed thereon! three figures were seated round it, playing at cards; they were young men of licentious habits and notorious impurity; and their flushed countenances and disordered clothes, showed that their present audacious act of sacrifice had been planned at some delusion. But there was a fourth at the table—that fourth a corpse, which had that day been buried in a vault within the church! It had been dragged from its grave by these blasphemous rioters to assist at their game, as if they were resolved that no horror should be wanting.—You may think how ghastly the dead face looked when contrasted with their rude and glaring countenances; how chilling was its motionless silence in return to their infernal ribaldry. Those who beheld looked long ere they could believe that living men could

dare to perpetrate so enormous a crime. Other inhabitants of the neighborhood were presently collected; the church door unlocked; and the gamblers interrupted—who could have dared to wait until the game was played out? They were immediately taken into custody; and it was further discovered that the criminals belonged to some of the most respectable families of the place. How they had gained an entrance, or what had tempted them to so fearfully wicked an act, was never known—or, if it was known, was never told; for, in consideration of their families the matter was hushed up, the miscreants allowed to escape from —, to re-appear there no more!"

ANECDOTES OF LUTHER.

TRANSLATED FOR THE VERMONT CHRONICLE.

It is affecting to see how every thing led Luther to pious reflections on the goodness of God, on the state of man before the fall, on the life to come. Thus a beautiful bunch of cherries which Doctor Jonas placed on the table, the pleasure of his wife when she served up fish from the little pond in their garden, the sight of a rose merely—every thing elevated his soul to things on high.

On the 9th day of April, 1533, Luther walked in his garden and looked attentively at the trees, bright with flowers and verdure. He exclaimed with admiration, "Glory to God, who makes the inanimate creation thus start into life at the return of spring. See the branches—how strong and how graceful! they are already budding for fruit. What a beautiful emblem of the resurrection of man!"

"I will never sin again in this way," said Alfred; "I will set a guard upon my lips, that I sin not with my tongue!"

"You have lost the smile of a kinder father, a better friend than I am, Alfred. You broke the commandment of God some days since, and you must know that you are not receiving his approbation; for he said that 'lying lips are an abomination in his sight.' I can punish you for this sin, but I have no power to make you better. God alone can do that. Your first offence is against him: obtain his forgiveness, and you will readily receive mine."

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"You can promise this, Alfred, but you have not the power to keep your promise. Peter also promised. He declared that he never would deny his master: but he was depending upon himself—upon his poor human strength; and what was the result? 'Before the cock crew,' he thrice denied his blessed Lord. Like you, he feared man more than God?

"But, father, what am I to do? Will God hear me if I pray? I am almost afraid to appear before him."

"You were afraid to confess your fault to me, Alfred, and now you rejoice that you have done so. Like as a father pitied his children, so the Lord pitied them that fear him! God is a more tender parent than I am. He is waiting to be gracious. Go to him, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and claim his promise, that whosoever cometh to the Father through him, shall in no wise be cast out. If you really *feel* your sin, you will be willing to go, like the publican, and say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'—We spoke of Peter—you have read the story of his repentance, and how his affectionate Master again received him into his service. This account is given to us for a warning and an encouragement that we may see the effect of real repentance, and imitate his zeal and fidelity. You must seek the help that cometh from above, and then you may gain the last favor of God."

ANECDOTE OF MURAT.

The following anecdote respecting Murat, is quite an interesting one. It was related to the writer by the Countess of Lipona, the widow of that distinguished man, and is substance follows:

When Italy was French, a mutiny broke out in one of the French regiments in the garrison of Leghorn. On receiving intelligence of it, Napoleon was highly enraged, and gave orders to Murat to make an example of the offenders by a severe punishment. When he arrived at Leghorn, the revolt was soon suppressed, but the regiment was ordered to parade, and was told by Murat that he had orders from the emperor to punish, and that he would do it. The soldiers cast themselves at his feet and implored mercy, but the General *appeared to be inexorable*, and declared that he would have one out of every ten men shot. This declaration occasioned great consternation, and the regiment, officers and all, sent a deputation to the General, saying that they would all be willing to lose their lives in the next battle, under the eyes of the emperor, if he would spare them. This appeal produced an apparent change in the determination of the General. He never intended to be as severe as he had threatened, and but for the orders of Napoleon, would have pardoned all the offenders. His *mercy* was now modified so far as to demand the execution of three soldiers, and the victims were accordingly designated, and separated from the rest.

In the course of the night Murat sent for the unfortunate men, and told them that they were to be shot on the next day. Upon this intelligence they fell at his feet, not to ask their lives, but his forgiveness. Just, however, as they were leaving him, the following dialogue ensued.

Murat. Stop. If I give you your lives, will you be honest fellows?

Soldiers. No. We wish to die; we deserve death; it would be right that we should be shot.

Murat. And what if I do not choose to shoot you?

Why do you wish to die, when I wish you to live? I have never shed blood, except on the day of battle;

I have never given orders to fire but upon enemies;

I will not give them against you, who are my brothers, who are Frenchmen, although you have been very culpable.

The story then goes on to say, that as it was necessary to conceal this pardon from Napoleon, and to impress the rest of the troops by an example, it was agreed between the parties, that at twilight the next evening, there was to be a sham execution. The muskets were to have nothing but wads in them, and the soldiers were to fall as if dead, and to be carried off by persons in the secret, to a cemetery where they were to put on sailor's clothes, preparatory to embarking in an American vessel for New Orleans, with a thousand francs apiece in their pockets. The whole plan was carried into execution, and the Countess stated that Napoleon was never made acquainted with the transaction.

So far for the story of the Countess. The sequel was related to the writer at a subsequent period at Rome, by a person who had been intimate in the imperial family.

A French gentleman who was travelling in Louisiana, in the year 1831, was overtaken by a shower, and took shelter in a farm house, which he was surprised to find well furnished with pictures of the most celebrated French battles, and where he found an old French lady, to whom he introduced himself as a stranger. The lady asked him if he was a Frenchman, and he replied that he was, and that he had relations in that very room. Soon after, the son of the lady, who was the proprietor of the farm, came in, and upon seeing the stranger, he was forcibly struck with his appearance, and in the polite manner so natural to a Frenchman, even of the most humble class, asked him his name. The stranger refused to tell it for a time, but he was hurrying away after school, when Mr. Palmer stopped him, and kindly asked what was the matter. "Epis. Recorder."

"O, do not ask me! do not ask me!" said Alfred, and he hurried off. He dreaded speaking, for he did

not feel prepared to confess the whole to Mr. Palmer, and he feared he might again be tempted to depart from the truth.

At the dinner-table no one spoke: Mr. Singleton looked extremely sad, and Alfred saw by his mother's countenance that she had been weeping. What a different scene from that of the Saturday evening before! And how miserably did Alfred feel, as he witnessed the sorrow he had caused.

"I can bear this no longer," he said to himself; and after dinner he followed his father into his study. "O father, my dear father, do forgive me!" he exclaimed; "only smile upon me once more, and I never, never will tell another lie. Can you not forgive me? I cannot bear to see you and mother looking so sorrowful."

"You have lost the smile of a kinder father, a better friend than I am, Alfred. You broke the commandment of God some days since, and you must know that you are not receiving his approbation; for he said that 'lying lips are an abomination in his sight.' I can punish you for this sin, but I have no power to make you better. God alone can do that. Your first offence is against him: obtain his forgiveness, and you will readily receive mine."

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